The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of al our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and heaire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, wel you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence,
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far,
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe,
Yet al goes well, yet al our iontes are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſin Vernon, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.
Hot. No harme what more?
Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwardes intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As ful of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,
Wanton as youthful goates, wilde as yong buls:
I ſaw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, wors than the ſun in March.
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues, let them come,
They com like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of ſmoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud, I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to boare me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,